

THE
MONTHLY RECORD
OF THE
Five Points House of Industry.

Terms, One Dollar per Year.

Vol. XXI.

JULY, 1877.

No. 3.



NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED AT THE INSTITUTION, 155, 157, 159 WORTH STREET.

Ex Libris

SEYMOUR DURST

Five Points House of Industry.

TRUSTEES.

MORRIS K. JESUP, PRESIDENT.

GEORGE F. BETTS, SECRETARY.

HUGH N. CAMP, TREASURER.

FREDERICK G. FOSTER,

A. VAN RENSSELAER,

CHARLES ELY,

CHARLES LANIER,

D. LYDIG SUYDAM,

DAVID S. EGGLESTON.

INCORPORATORS.

MORRIS K. JESUP,

GEORGE F. BETTS,

HUGH N. CAMP,

FREDERICK G. FOSTER,

D. LYDIG SUYDAM,

A. VAN RENSSELAER

CHARLES ELY,

WILLIAM W. MALI,

GEORGE M. LEFFERTS.

O. HARRIMAN,

J. H. EARLE,

HIRAM BARNEY,

WM. SMITH BROWN,

D. WILLIS JAMES,

J. J. GOODWIN,

W. E. CALDWELL,

G. H. MORGAN,

C. B. TATHAM,

DAVID S. EGGLESTON,

L. M. PEASE,

CORNELIUS N. BLISS,

WILLIAM T. BOOTH,

JOHN SLOANE,

WM. A. CAULDWELL,

ARTHUR J. PEABODY,

CHARLES LANIER,

R. A. WITTHAUS,

DORMAN B. EATON,

WILLIAM W. ASTOR,

CHARLES S. SMITH.

WILLIAM F. BARNARD, Superintendent.

Day-School—Every week-day, Saturday excepted, from 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.

Sunday-School—At 2 o'clock P.M.

Children's Service of Song—Every Sunday at 3 1-2 o'clock P.M.

FORM OF A BEQUEST.

I give and bequeath unto my executors, in trust, to pay over to the Trustees of the FIVE POINTS HOUSE OF INDUSTRY, in the city of New York, (incorporated A.D. 1854,) or its Treasurer for the time being, the sum of _____ dollars, to be applied to the uses thereof.

(AVERY
DURST

MONTHLY RECORD

OF THE

Five Points House of Industry.

EDITED BY W. F. BARNARD, SUPERINTENDENT.

VOL. XXI.

JULY, 1877.

NO. 3.

HELP FOR THE SUMMER.

WE hope that our good friends will not forget to continue the supplies of clothing and shoes as well as money, during the summer. We can use almost anything in either line. Shoes much worn, clothing quite threadbare, and cloth of all kinds can be made of much service. Remnants of cloth, even though small, can be used. A well known dry goods firm of the city gives us frequently their samples of prints. As it often happens that there are as many colors and grades as there are pieces and all of them quite small, some not more than six inches square, we sew many of these pieces together and we know our friends would be surprised could they know of the number of dresses, aprons, etc., which we make up by matching as nearly as possible the colors and patterns. There is scarcely an article of any sort that will come amiss. As our winter supply is partly gathered from the excess of the amount furnished us in summer we very earnestly hope that our call may not be a fruitless one, because so often heard, but that closets with surplus clothing and nooks filled with cast aside shoes may be cleaned out for our profit.

off-site
IN
385
-NS
P. 57
4:21:10.3
(1877-July)

HOW THE BABY CAME.

The Lady Moon came down last night

She did, you needn't doubt it—
A lovely lady dressed in white;
I'll tell you all about it.

They hurried Len and me to bed,
And aunty said, "Now may be
That pretty moon up overhead
Will bring us down a baby.

You lie as quiet as can be:

Perhaps you'll catch her peeping
Between the window-bars to see
If all the folk are sleeping,
And then, if both of you keep still,
And all the room is shady,
She'll float across the window-sill,
A happy, white moon-lady.

Across the sill, along the floor,
You'll see her shining brightly,
Until she comes to mother's door,
And then she'll vanish lightly.
But in the morning you will find,
If nothing happens, may be,
She's left us something nice behind—
A beautiful star-baby."

We didn't just believe her then,
For aunty's always chaffing—
The tales she tells to me and Len
Would make you die a-laughing;
And, when she went out pretty soon,
Lea said, "That's aunty's humming;
There ain't a bit of Lady Moon,
Nor any baby coming."

I thought myself it was a fib,
And yet I wasn't certain;
So I kept quiet in the crib,
And peeped behind the curtain.

I didn't mean to sleep a wink,
But, all without a warning,
I dropped right off—and, just you think,
I never waked till morning!

Then there was aunty by my bed,
And, when I climbed and kissed her,
She laughed and said, "You sleepy head,
You've got a little sister!
What made you shut your eyes so soon?
I've half a mind to scold you—
For down she came, that Lady Moon,
Exactly as I told you!"

And truly it was not a joke,
In spite of Len's denying,
For at the very time she spoke
We heard the baby crying.
The way we jumped and made a rush
For mother's room that minute!
But aunty stopped us, crying, "Hush!
Or else you shan't go in it."

And so we had to tip-toe in,
And keep so awful quiet,
As if it was a mighty sin
To make a bit of riot.
But there was baby anyhow—
The funniest little midget!
I wish you could just peep in now,
And see her squirm and fidget.

Len says he don't believe it's true—
He isn't such a gaby—
The moon had anything to do
With bringing us that baby.
But seems to me it's very clear—
As clear as running water—
Last night there was no baby here,
So something must have brought her.

—Selected

CROOKED CHARLIE.

"It's crooked!" whimpered Charlie. "It's all crooked!" rubbing his fat little fists in his eyes, and then gazing ruefully at a windmill of pretty colored paper that good Irish Katty had made for him, in her efforts to amuse him this fair, sunny, summer morning, while mamma was gone to church, Sarah, the chambermaid, "doing up" her work, and bright, faithful Nurse Bessy off with Cousin Tom for a holiday.

Aunty Esther said some one ought to be reading to Master Charlie out of the

Bible, about Daniel in the lions' den, or the Children of Israel in the wilderness, instead of letting him run up and down the garden like a little heathen ; but, said Katty, " Shure the birds are all singin', ma'am, and the fish in the fountain dancin' that like in the water you'd think they had sinse, and it's me, self was saying—the saints forgive me—that the Lord himsilf couldn't shpake a word agin the childer sportin' with the rest of the happy young things this fair summer morn."

But Charlie was not happy, if the birds and fishes were ; for the windmill was crooked, and the tears in his eyes made everything seem dim and dull this "fair summer morn." Katty fixed it over and over again. She took out the pin and put it back as Charley directed, a dozen times. She went in for the scissors and "shnipped it off a bit" here, and cut into the paper a trifle deeper there ; and she got a knife and made the stick "sttraighter," but it was all of no use. For although it began to turn when Charlie's little fretful breath blew on it, and whirled around with a dazzle and a whirl as he ran down the gravel path in the sunshine, it was all wrong still. It was "crooked" and nothing under the sun could set it straight in little Charlie's eyes.

At last it became so very crooked, I am sorry to say that Charlie gave it a toss upon the lawn, where it lay among the green like a red rose or a big hollyhock on a white stem. "It's crooked yet ! It's crooked !" cried Charlie, and the next minute he had tossed himself on the grass and lay tapping the toes of his little grey kid boots upon the gravel, as unhappy a little boy as you could find in the whole of these United States.

"Shure, and it's yourself that's crooked !" says Katty, losing patience at last, and marching off to the kitchen where she belonged, to look at the clock and see how soon her new and unaccustomed duties would be over, and she could return to what she understood and liked much better.

"It's yourself that's crooked ?" she said, and that was a very true and wise remark of Katty's. Often and often it's ourselves that are crooked when things will *not* go straight, and we are blaming every thing and every body but ourselves. Even big men sometimes think that lamp-posts and trees and houses are all crooked, but it is when they are not *straight* themselves !

And when little boys and girls find their windmills and kites and doll's clothes and other things crooked, if they will walk right up to the looking glass they will see there a little crooked face, and, looking inside the face—do you know how to do that?—they will find, in the unhappy little heart, a crooked little deformed spirit that had somehow crept in there, and, peeping out through their eyes, makes everything seem crooked and wrong and miserable. Ah, dear little children who listen to this story, when things look crooked to you, will you do as I bid you, and drive out that dark, deformed spirit from the beautiful little heart God gave you to make you happy, and into which he sends his own bright angels when you sweep it clean of naughty thoughts and ways and keep it so that they can enter ? They love to be with you—and this story is not a fairy tale or fable, for it is all true—they crowd around you, and when your hearts are full of these sweet visitors how glad and happy you are !

Often, often I see these fair joyous spirits peeping out from your bright eyes. Gentleness, obedience, trust, unselfishness ; and brightest and best of them all,

for she comes straight down from God himself, beautiful heavenly love, eldest sister of the rest. And I want to take you right up in my arms and hold you close up to me, and see if they won't jump out from your hearts into mine.

Mrs. J. G. Burnett, in the Advance.

"MAYN'T I BE A BOY?"

"MAYN'T I be a boy?" said our Mary,
The tears in her great eyes blue;
'I'm only a wee little lassie—
There's nothing a woman can do!

'Tis so; I heard Cousin Joe say so—
He's home from a great college, too—
He said so just now in the parlor;
There's nothing a woman can do!"

"My wee little lassie, my darling,"
Said I, putting back her soft hair,
'I want you, my dear little maiden,
To smooth away all mother's care.

Who is it, when pa comes home weary,
That runs for his slippers and gown?

What eyes does he watch for at morning,
Looking out from their lashes of brown?

Can you do nothing, my darling?
What was it that pa said last night?
'My own little sunbeam is coming,
I know, for the room is so bright.'

And there is a secret, my Mary—
Perhaps you will learn it some day—
The hand that is willing and loving
Will do the most work on the way.

And the work that is sweetest and dearest—
The work that so many ne'er do—
The great work of making folks happy,
Can be done by a lassie like you.'

—Mother's Magazine.

OFFICE INCIDENTS.

AN old gentleman, whom we have known for several years and so are satisfied of his entire worthiness, came in the other day. He said he wanted to talk with us a moment. We invited him to sit down, and he said, "my story is very short, I am faint with hunger for I haven't eaten any thing since yesterday noon," twenty-four hours before. He is frequently attacked with rheumatism and is prevented from working, so that he is not able to earn his rent at times. He was soon supplied with food.

Mrs. ——— comes to us with an infant in her arms. She already has a child of four years in our house. She does not know what she will do. She is utterly unable to support her children unless we take care of them for her.

Mr. S. is a veteran of the war. His service caused disease which resulted in impairing his hearing. We have assisted him at times in the way of clothing, and as his wants are but few and he is not a drinking man, we supply him with the shoes he asks for.

A poor man, who comes to us with the endorsement of a clergyman, wants help for his family. He is not far from the grave with consumption. On investigation, we find that his family, a wife and two daughters, are also sickly. They have seen better days and the reverses which they have recently suffered have soured them with the world generally, and particularly with the people of New York, so that they regard the citizens of this city as utterly selfish. They are helped, and advised that a more charitable view of the world would incline people to assist them.

A man and wife, who are recommended to us by the Italian Consul, have a little boy about four years old whom they are desirous should be cared for, in order to give them an opportunity to look about for work. The little fellow is as brown as a nut and has coal-black eyes. He cries bitterly for his "mamma," as she leaves him, but soon becomes contented with the other children.

A woman who has had her child in another institution, but who has had to remove him from there as he is beyond their prescribed age, is homeless and friendless. She has been to some asylum, but they decline to receive him, and some friend sends her to us. Believing her story we receive the child.

A city missionary comes to see if we will receive some children. She mentions the fact that she has been to several places to get the little ones cared for, but is refused, and now turns to us. We often wish that we had funds sufficient to receive all who apply, and are sure if we were the recipients of State aid we should be able to open our doors even wider than we do.

A young man calls who tells a pitiful story of a family in want. He says he is a printer by trade but can get no work. He has a note which he pretends was given him by a christian worker at Dr. Tyng's Gospel Tent. His answers to our inquiries do not impress us with his truthfulness, and, besides, he has the air of a bumner. We tell him we will investigate first before aiding him. The investigation proves that he does not live at the address he gave, and that the note was not written by the person whose name is signed to it. He was therefore a swindler. He was sent to us by a contributor of ours, and the time spent and trouble which he was subjected to would, if it had been legitimately improved, have earned him a good sum of money, which he failed to secure after all by his swindle.

THE LITTLE BLESSING.

In a cozy corner,
Safe and snug and warm,
Lies a little birdling
Sheltered from the storm.

Not a winged creature
In full plumage shown,
But a tiny spirit
From the Father's throne.

Little shining forehead,
White and pure and fair ;
Little wavy tresses
Of bright silken hair ;

Little pearly eyelids
Shading eyes of blue ;
Little smiles and dimples,
Little mouth so true ;

Little rosy fingers
Reaching for the light,

Catching at each shadow
Passing out of sight.

And a mother singing,
Soft and low and sweet,
" Father, keep my darling ;
Guide his little feet.

Many steps, and weary,
In his path may be ;
Lead him gently, Father,
To his home and thee."

In a cozy corner,
Safe and snug and warm,
Lies a little birdling
Sheltered from the storm.

And this cozy corner
Is a mother's heart,
Warm and pure and holy,
Of God's love a part.

—*Christian Mirror.*

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

SHE was so fair a flower to blossom in so poor a home. Her baby eyes opened upon a dreary scene. A low, dingy room where dirt and disorder held sway ; where poverty, squalid, disheartened poverty, had set its seal on everything. The mother's greeting was with tears and sorrows, though the true mother-heart stirred with love as she held her only baby-girl in her embrace. The sturdy boys who had preceded the tiny maiden had been greeted with love, but as they grew older the evil associations about them far out-weighed the feeble mother's influence ; and indeed the current had proved too strong for her, and she had almost forgotten the good principles of early days, and quite laid aside the tidy ways with which at first she had made her home attractive. Her husband, never firm in principle, had yielded, step by step, to the influence of his companions, till the saloon knew his presence oftener than his home. An old story ; so sadly old that we see and hear it daily with only a feeling of restless impatience at its repetition ; forgetting that for those who live it, it is fraught with sorrow ever new ; with pain at which the listener can only guess. The boys as they grew older followed in their father's footsteps with dangerous haste ; while the poor, feeble mother bewailed her lot in helpless fretfulness, and the scanty comforts of the home grew more scanty year by year.

The oldest son, a lad of seventeen, seemed rapidly making hopeless shipwreck of his life. Sometimes for days and weeks he was absent, no one knew where ; then as if with some desperate reaching after a better life, would work steadily for a few days, only to be swept away again by the tide of evil influences around him. There was good in him, flashes of generosity, a kindly spirit toward the weak and helpless, hours of remorse, when some patient heart that had learned

Christ, might have gained a soul ; but as the years went on, the hope grew fainter, and the priceless, human soul, because no eye pitied and no hand saved, drifted down the broad way, for there, at least was no lack of helpers. Such was the home on which the innocent baby eyes opened.

Months passed. The little creature grew fairer every day. The large, blue eyes had a depth of pathos in them, and seemed to appeal to all that was pure and true in every heart. Her hair, soft and curling, framed as fair and sweet a face as any little lady in the land, robed in fine linen and dainty laces ever had. The mother, watching the little one daily, poured upon her a wealth of love that one would have wondered to find in so worn a heart.

Gradually, for baby's sake, the house grew brighter, the sunshine found a way through the low window, because once when a stray beam crept in, the little hands were stretched eagerly toward it. By slow degrees the untidy room was put into a semblance of order ; and the mother's tones grew softer, for when her voice was sharp and fretful the little mouth grieved, and the soft eyes had a frightened look. But in sunshine and smiles the fair little face was bright with content. Time wore away until a half-year of her life was spent.

The older brother hurried faster and faster on the way to ruin. He had visited his home but once in the half-year, and then for a hasty hour. At last he stood once more upon the threshold. It was pitiful to see, in one so young, such marks of dissipation and so haggard a face. The morning was one of those rare June mornings which bring some brightness to every place, and the room was full of sunshine. It was without occupants, except near the sunniest window, the old, worn cradle stood, and prompted more by curiosity than any warmer feeling, he bent over it. There lay the little child asleep, so fair, so innocent, so in contrast with his haunts and himself, that he stood spell-bound.

The tiny, white fingers held a flower, for by common consent, everything fair and sweet was brought to the cradle as to a sacred shrine. As he watched, the little sleeper stirred and woke, but not frightened at the rough figure, she smiled at him, and held the flower toward him. He bent to touch the tiny hand, but drew back as if his touch might pollute its purity. But her sweet baby wiles touched his heart, and as he turned away a tear stole down his cheek. All day long the little hand seemed to draw him back. All day long the innocent lips smiled on him, and often checked the wicked words that came so easily to his utterance. Drawn by the spell, at night he turned his steps homeward.

Slowly but surely the little one did her work. Slowly but surely, with many slips and falls, the boy struggled toward a better life for the sake of the little baby sister, who learned to watch for his coming, and welcome him in sweetest fashion. He sought employment that she might wear dainty garments, and that he might bring her flowers and toys at night. And as she clung to him, his thoughts going back over the day, made him shrink from her touch, if he recalled foul words and rough actions. So he strove, poor tempted lad, gaining so slowly that he was often discouraged, but still led onward by the little hand, or rather by the Hand outstretched to all human need, in varying ways.

The father felt the presence of his little child, but so strong were the chains that bound him, that his escape seemed hopeless. But he avoided his home after drinking to excess, and his gruff voice softened, and his frowning brow re-

laxed when he spoke to the baby-girl. That was all ; but the mother at the cradle recalled the half-forgotten prayer of other days, and tried to plead that the angel of their home might yet lead him in paths of peace.

The baby's birth-day found her a tiny sprite, learning to lisp the first words of infancy, fair and delicate, more like a dream-child than the child of poverty. Then sickness crept upon her, a strange, slow fever. The little feet could bear her slight weight no longer ; but she would lie content, and try to smile and play as she had been wont, if only cradled in loving arms. If left alone, though never crying noisily, a shadow of pain touched her face, and with all her baby-arts, she would try to entice some one to her side. The father, seeing how she had changed, hastened home from his work that he might soothe the little sufferer by carrying her in his strong arms. The brother forgot his rough companions for the little child who smiled to see him, such a shadowy, feeble smile, but so loving that it was brighter than sunshine to him.

Week after week the fragile blossom faded. With tenderest care they sought to save her, but in vain. Patient through all, smiling still in the faces she loved, her life wore slowly away. The mother wept and prayed in secret ; the father watched in silence, some grave thought in his face, his old haunts unsought. At last the end came. As the soft wind gently wafts the last petal of the faded lily to the ground, so her life went out. She lay at rest, one little hand outstretched as if to lead those she loved in her footsteps. The light of the home, the angel of the house, how passed finding out it seemed that she should be taken.

But God's ways are not our ways. That which her life had failed to effect her death effected. The father, beckoned onward by the still warm hand, turned steadily toward a new life. The little one's long illness had broken up old associations, and he turned in disgust from the coarse pleasures in which he had before found delight. In quiet hours he called to mind the sweet face of his little child, and mused over her new home, until a lingering memory of a prayer learned at his mother's side stole into his heart. The household for so long had hushed every harsh tone, that their voices had grown soft and gentle, and still they stepped lightly as if they feared to disturb their darling.

And love and grief drew father, mother and children near each other, and each lent a helping hand to the other, so the home was full of love and kindness. The little child's presence seemed to linger in the house, drawing all its inmates toward the better country and the heavenly home. Short was her work and her rest soon attained, but not in vain her life. She being dead yet speaketh.

—A. E. S., in the *Advance*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SLOANSVILLE, N. Y., June 20, 1877.

W. F. BARNARD :

Dear Sir—No, the summer brings no "surcease of sorrow" or care, to the indigent, or those whose work it is to care for them ; and now, when dullness reigns in the entire business round, the little ones, whose parentage is adversity, have a more stinted allowance of the good of earth ; take therefore, these two dollars toward something for a day, for your wistful hundreds, of
GOOD CHEER.

ONE YEAR OLD.

Nobody wanted you very much,
 Baby, a year ago,
 For you came when we suffered from sorrow's
 touch,
 And the graveyard was white with snow.
 But as soon as we saw you a warm love-spring,
 From a source that we could not trace,
 Came leaping upward a smile to bring
 On your own, and your nurse's face.

Have we really had you a whole long year,
 O Baby, with laughing eyes?
 And what have you learned in your dwelling
 here?
 Do you know that we think you wise?
 For you stretch your arms to the friends you
 choose,
 With a gesture that none resist,
 Will we pity our neighbors for what they lose,
 With no baby that must be kissed.

A year, is it, darling? We can but pray
 While the light in your dear face burns,
 God grant our baby of this same day,
 Many happy returns.
 For we know that winter would come indeed
 If our Marie were not as bright,
 And did not e'en by her very need
 Give to our hearts delight.

Of course you have many a birthday gift,
 A rattle, a doll, and ball,
 And something too heavy for you to lift,
 And affection to crown them all.
 You thank the givers, and smilingly,
 With the only word you know;
 And they are paid as your look they see,
 And list to the long-drawn "Oh!"

We love you, baby, and yet we sigh
 Sometimes as we think of you,
 For we wonder what troubles and griefs may lie
 In the paths you must wander through.
 Oh, little feet that can scarcely stand,
 What miles you will have to go!
 Oh, dimpled, notable clasping hand
 How weary you have to grow!

It is sad that your eyes should be dimmed with
 tears,
 And the head should be hot with pain,
 But, baby, why should we cherish fears?
 God's goodness will aye remain.
 So we leave you to Him. May He guide your
 feet
 Through the long untrodden way,
 And bless you always, and keep you, Sweet,
 As good as you are to-day.

—*Marianne Farningham.*

 INTEMPERANCE.

WE notice the formation of a new society, with Rev. Dr. Crosby as President, whose aim is to be the suppression of tippling shops. According to the laws of this State, licenses can only be issued by the Board of Excise to hotels, inns, and taverns, for the sale of spirituous liquors to be drunk on the premises; to grocery stores, to sell in the package; and to reputable saloons where beer and ale are sold, so that all other places where liquor is sold are in existence in defiance of the law. The new society purposes to enforce the law and so suppress these illegitimate sources of rum selling. It is our impression that all of the drunkards, and indeed the majority of inebriates, are not made in corner-groceries, and while we are glad that any effort is made to suppress rum-selling we wish the matter might receive the same attention which it does in Maine. We were recently in the city of Portland and as we walked along its beautiful streets we could not but be struck with the con-

spicuous absence of flaming signs of liquor saloons. There were no places of business parading the invitation to come in and drink, and we could congratulate the good people of the fair city that their young men were not tempted by hotels, taverns, inns, groceries, or corner groggeries. That the people of Maine realize the benefit derived is evidenced by the fact, that in spite of all the attempts to overthrow the law, the citizens steadily vote to sustain it and an Ex-Governor said recently, that "the prohibition liquor laws of Maine are a wonderful success." God speed the day when the awful curse of rum-drinking be removed from our midst.

Another society, which we think will do more efficient work, is organized to see that the following law of this State is put in force. When such sweeping penalties are imposed it will doubtless cause many to pause in their career of drunkard-makers :

EXTRACT.

"Every husband, wife, child, parent, guardian, employer, or other persons, who shall be injured in person or property, or means of support, by any intoxication, habitual or otherwise, of any person, shall have a right of action in his or her name against any person or persons who shall, by selling or giving away intoxicating liquors, cause the intoxication, in whole or in part, of such person or persons, and any person or persons owning or renting, or permitting the occupation of any building or premises, and having knowledge that intoxicating liquors are to be sold therein, shall be liable SEVERALLY OR JOINTLY, with the person or persons selling or giving intoxicating liquors aforesaid, for all damages sustained, and for *exemplary* damages ; and all damages recovered by a minor under this act shall be paid either to such minor, or to his or her parent, guardian, or next of kin, or next friend, as the Court may or shall direct : and the unlawful sale or giving away of intoxicating liquors shall work a forfeiture of all rights of the lessee or tenant under any lease or contract of rent upon the premises."

Laws of the State of New York, Chap. 646, passed May 29th, 1873, declared Constitutional by Court of Appeals.

A LITTLE five-year old Wisconsin boy was heard saying to his little brother, "I know what Amen means. It means 'You mustn't touch it ;' mamma told me so," which was his childish, but literal interpretation of "So let it be."

A LITTLE miss upon being one day bantered because she was a girl, and having represented to her that boys were much more useful creatures in the world, although they were usually more trouble, was asked if she did not wish she were a boy. "No, indeed," she quietly replied ; "I'm worse than most boys now."

THAT S ALL.

A LITTLE dreaming, such as mothers know;
 A little lingering over dainty things;
 A happy heart wherein hope, all aglow,
 Stirs like a bird at dawn that wakes and sings—
 And that is all.

A little clasping to her yearning breast;
 A little musing over future years; [best,
 A heart that prays, "Dear Lord, Thou knowest
 But spare my flower life's bitterest rain of
 tears,"—
 And that is all.

A little spirit speeding through the night;
 A little home grown lonely, dark and chill;
 A sad heart groping blindly for the light;
 A little grave beneath the hill—
 And that is all.

A little gathering of life's broken thread;
 A little patience keeping back the tears;
 A heart that sings, "Thy darling is not dead,
 God keeps him safe through his eternal years"—
 And that is all.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

THE WORKING

plan of the House of Industry is accomplishing much, we feel, towards improving in the children the idea of the necessity of employment. Our boys have rendered very efficient service for weeks past in scrubbing their own sleeping-room, and have become so used to the work that we feel we have a reserve corps always on hand in case of an emergency. The tailoring, shoe-repairing, and type-setting rooms have all been helpful in providing work.

The girls have not been behind the boys in doing useful things, the scrubbing, bed-making, sewing, sweeping, and cooking departments have all been helped on by their busy hands. We hardly know what we should do without them all. To keep so large a house clean and in order requires considerable work to be done, and we take pride in the help from our own children.

THERE are no records to tell how many boys and girls make wreck of body and soul, because, when the mystery of maturity confronts them, they know not what it means nor how to meet it. Statistics do not tell what little children from ignorance of their functions are made idiotic, or brutal, nor in how many love of drink is bred, nor to what legions of them the body becomes a prison from whose unwholesome gloom escape is hopeless. We teach them the metamorphoses of worms, and we leave them in fatal ignorance of their own. It is no wonder that doubtful medicines for obscure diseases are sold in every street, to poison hap-hazard. Yet the lesson of the sacredness of the body should be taught at the mother's knee. Its marvelous mechanism, the natural purity of all its functions, its susceptibility to good or evil, make a theme so lofty and so simple that mother and child are ennobled in the study thereof. Sloth, gluttony, sensuality, uncleanness of person, should be made to seem as base as uncharity and evil-speaking.—*Christian Union.*

OUR READERS

have, of course, long since noticed that the RECORD is edited with the sole purpose of interesting friends in the work of the House of Industry, and that the style of the articles are more as talks to a gathering of family friends than as literary essays. We endeavor to present scenes and incidents just as they occur, with no coloring at all, believing that the truth simply presented is more suggestive of actual facts. We know that the real "happenings" of our daily life at the Five Points are more strange than fiction, and are also sure that they impress the reader with an interest in our work. If we could range our hundreds of young people before our thousands of readers for them to *see*, we would not need to *say* a word. Here they are, and we ask simply for *their* support.

"I'M GOIN' TO."

NETTIE NEAL never did, but was always "goin' to." It was such a provoking habit, never to be quite ready to do as she was bid, never ready to put away her things, go on an errand, come to supper, or go to bed, but always, "Yes, mamma, I'm goin' to." Mamma Neal grew exasperated at last; she was tired of asking and telling, and calling over and over for her little girl to do what she wished her to; so she determined one day she would cure Nettie homoeopathically—by which she meant she would use the *same* method in small doses, and see if she could effect a cure that way.

Therefore, one morning, when Nettie came running in from the lawn with her doll's arm torn off its shoulder and asked: "Mamma, won't you please fix my dollie's arm?" Mamma lifted her eyes up from her work and answered, "Yes, Nettie, I'm goin' to," and then went on sewing. Nettie waited a little while, and then asked again: "Won't you please sew my dollie's arm on, mamma?" "Yes, I'm goin' to," replied mamma, not lifting her eyes from her work. "But, mamma, dear, I want you to do it now, right away," and then there was a little break in the tremulous voice. "Why, do you? I didn't know you meant that; I thought my own time would suit you just as well"—and then mamma took the doll and soon sewed it on its limp, hanging arm.

Nettie went out on the lawn again, walking a little slowly. There was a strange, new thought stirring in her little brain, you see, but a romp with Ponto soon put it all out of her head, and when mamma called her into dinner, she answered back as usual, "Yes, mamma, I'm goin' to," and went on racing over the lawn and across the brook and back again, until, by the time she was ready to come in, dinner was all over.

"Give me some dinner, mamma," she cried, as she saw the table being cleared away, and mamma preparing to go up stairs for her afternoon nap. "Yes, Nettie, I'm going to," answered mamma, going on up the hall stairs. Nettie ran

on after her, clinging to her dress, sobbing, "But I'm hungry now. I want it now, mamma! Please come down and give me my dinner."

Mamma stopped on the stairs then, and answered very slowly, "Do you see now from experience, Nettie, how trying and troublesome it is not to do a thing at once, which is asked of you. If I should answer every time you wanted to be waited upon or cared for, 'yes, I'm going to, Nettie', as *you* do when I speak to you—and then *not* to do the thing at once which you ask, as *you* do—I fear you would go hungry and neglected, and be altogether a very unhappy little girl. Now that you see how disagreeable and uncomfortable a person can be made, by always 'going to,' and never doing *at once* a thing desired of them, I hope you will try to break yourself of the habit, and obey *immediately* when spoken to"—and then mamma took Nettie up in her arms and kissed away the great tears trembling upon her eyelashes, and went down stairs to give her little girl her dinner; and after that day Nettie Neal always tried to do *at once* what she was told, without first answering, "Yes I'm goin' to."—*Churchman.*

A RHYMED ADDRESS.

A LETTER passed through the New York Post-office last week bearing the following superscription :

"Oh Mister Postmaster, you see the green plaster
That's stuck on the edge of my letter.
For the love of Old Erin, whose colors it's wearin',
Let it slide, an' the quicker the better,
To a neat little spinster, would I were forinst her!)
Who lives in the Isle of Manhattan,
In that elegant Rue called Seventh Avenue,
At *Triginta Nono* (that's Latin),
But in my hurry and blunderin' flurry,
(At my expense don't be merry, 'twas a murtherin' shame)
I omitted the name—
'Tis Mam'selle Mary E. Cherry."

The letter-carrier misinterpreted the Irish Latin in this doggerel, and took the letter to No. 309 Seventh Ave. No. 39 was the address intended.

OUR SUNDAY SERVICE

is regularly held at 3 1-2 o'clock. As our chapel is large and airy we fancy that it is as comfortable a place as there is in the city for a summer afternoon. The service, which consists of hymns and recitations, is almost wholly by the children, with only an occasional short talk. We cordially invite any person so disposed to spend the afternoon with us, feeling sure that the verdict will be, as is so universally the case, that the hour is profitable and interesting.

MONTHLY RECORD OF THE CHILDREN'S MOTTOES.

HEAR, and learn to be silent ;
Be silent, and learn to understand ;
Understand, and learn to remember ;
Remember, and learn to do accordingly.
All that you hear, believe not ;
All that you know, tell no. ;
All that you can do, do not ;
By giving alms you lose not ;

By being unjust, you gain not ;
By lying, you profit not ;
Whenever you speak anything,
Think first and look narrowly,
What you speak, where you speak,
Of whom you speak, and to whom you speak,
Lest you bring yourself into great trouble.

—Selected.

OUR SCHOOL

is in session the whole season through. We have no vacation. The teachers have each a four weeks' rest, which they take alternately, but the school work knows no cessation. It could not well be otherwise, for we have a family of 265 children living in the Institution, and to shut our school would mean to turn them loose in the house and they had much better be in school. We have no repairs or painting to do which necessitates the closing of our doors, so that any child from the outside can come in and enjoy the advantages of our school. If our boys and girls did not need to eat or to wear clothing we could then close up the House for nine weeks. We mention this because we desire our readers to see that we need help all the year round.

VICKY'S CONVERSION.

Poor little Vicky Versa ! she was made of opposition stuff ; and her parents talked and talked to her until they thought they'd said enough. So they set themselves some other way to find, by which to make her do things which would make them love her more, and might be necessary too. " We'll turn her weapons on herself ; and teach her thus," I heard them say, " how disagreeable it is ; and then perhaps she'll mend her way." So they locked up the piano, hid her books and all her common clothes, and insisted very sternly that she should do every thing she chose ; and a less engaging little girl you must go very far to see than the ignorant and over-dressed spoiled child our Vicky came to be. And soon she grew to hate herself and wished the old days back again. So she went and told her parents she was sorry she had caused them pain ; they readily forgave her, and I never care to see a sweeter little girl than our Vicky's grown to be. Dear little Vicky ! now her face with loving smiles is animated, and in every one's affections she is fully reinstated.

M. E.

THE NURSERY

of the House of Industry is full of as interesting little ones as need be seen anywhere. The sight of the little folks at the supper table is often an interesting one for our Sunday visitors. This feature of our work has proved a very helpful one to many a mother, because of the provision thus made which enabled the parent to go out and earn her living. Is it not worthy of support?

The baby wept ;
The mother took it from the nurse's arms,
And soothed its griefs and stilled its vain alarms,
And baby slept.

Again it weeps,
And God doth take it from the mother's arms,
From present pain and future unknown harms ;
And baby sleeps !

THE ECHO.

LITTLE Charlie knew nothing of an echo. One day, as he was playing by himself in the field, he cried out, "Ho ! Hop !" and immediately a voice from a little wood close by repeated, "Ho ! Hop !" Being surprised at this, he called out, "Who are you ?" the same voice replied, "Who are you ?" On this he cried out, "You're a stupid fellow !" and "Stupid fellow !" was of course the answer.

At this, Charlie, being much displeased, began to call all the abusive names he could think of, and the same expressions all seemed to come back to him. He ran up and down among the trees, trying to find out the supposed offender, but he could see nobody. Vexed and disappointed, he hastened home, and told his mother that a bad boy had hid himself in the wood, and called him all sorts of names.

His mother smiled and shook her head. "Now you have betrayed and complained of yourself, Charlie," said she ; "for you must know you heard nothing but your own words repeated. As you have often seen your face reflected in the water, so you have now heard your voice echoed. Had you called kind words, kind words would have been returned to you ; and I may also observe that it is generally the case, that the behavior we meet with from others is but an echo of our own. If we are friendly in our manner, people are disposed to be kind to us ; but if we are rude and uncivil, we cannot expect better treatment ourselves. 'A man that hath friends must show himself friendly,' " Prov. xviii. 24.—*N. Y. Observer.*

On a Sultry Sunday morning, the pastor's little girl, of nearly three summers, became wearied at the length of the sermon, and in a low tone of voice, but very earnestly said, to the great amusement of those who sat near, "Come, papa, that's enough ; let's go home."

FLOWERS.

WE are grateful for bouquets of flowers, sufficient to supply every child with some, which have been brought to us on two occasions by young ladies of the N. Y. Flower Mission, and once by some friends from Jamaica, N. Y. These evidences of kindly remembrance are very pleasing to us, and will help the children in the way of cultivating a taste for the beautiful.

Money Received for Record, from June 1 to June 28, 1877.

Butler, Mrs. J. S., Plainfield, Mass.	\$1 00	Lum, J. W., Elizabeth, N. J.	\$1 00
Coyle, Mrs. J. B., Portland, Me.	1 00	Wood, D. G., Providence, R. I.	1 00
Kimball, Mr. J. P., Lawrence, Mass.	1 10		

Money Received from June 1 to June 28, 1877.

"Blessed is the man that considereth the poor; the Lord shall deliver him in time of trouble."
 "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord."
 "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

NOTICE.

Being satisfied that the lists of donors, as printed in Reports of the charitable societies of the city are used by solicitors of alms to aid them in calling upon such for help, we have concluded to save our contributors such annoyance by printing only initials, of donors in the city, unless otherwise requested, as we make it a rule to acknowledge all gifts by mail.

Friend.	\$ 3 50	Ross, D., premium on gold donation.	\$ 1 23
Good Cheer.	2 00	Sunday collection June 3d.	1 35
J. W. D.	100 00	" " " 10th.	3 49
J. W. H.	50 00	" " " 17th.	4 61
K., through Mr. Camp.	10 00	" " " 24th.	5 89
Mrs. H. A. K.	50 00		
Mrs. W. H. M.	11 00		
Ross, D., for special case.	5 00		
Ross Bros., Leith, Canada.	20 00		

Errata.

In last month's RECORD, two friends through D. Ross, Leith, Canada, \$5, should have read \$20.

Donations of Food, Clothing, etc., from June 1 to June 28, 1877.

Armour, Plankinton & Co., 4 cases beef tongue.	McLane, Dr.	clothing and shoes.
Banks, I. M.	Mead, C. L.	3 loads kindling wood.
Blake, Joseph.	Mitchell, Mrs.	pkg. clothing.
Bronson, Mrs. L. A., Painted Post, N. Y.,	Muir, Mrs.	bbl. clothing and shoes.
pkg. clothing.	National Temperance Society.	pkg. papers.
Clark, G. T., Brooklyn.	Power, Mrs. W. H., Montclair, N. J.	pkg. clothing.
Crook's Hotel, Chatham Street,	Quimby, Prof. E. T., Hanover, N. H.	papers.
4 bbls. bread, 19 pies, large pan pork and beans.	Scholars of Public School, Jamaica, L. I.,	lot of flowers.
Davis, Mrs.	Smith, Dr., carpet, matting, shoes, and clothing.	
Flower Mission, 4th Ave. and 20th St.,	Smith, P. F.	pkg. clothing.
750 bouquets for children.	Unknown, by express.	bbl. clothing.
Foster, Mrs. Mary.	Young Ladies' Sewing Society, through Miss Annie E. Earle, 3 dresses, 1 nightgown, 12 aprons,	1 pr. drawers, 3 chemises.
Francis, Mrs. E. L.	28 West 37th Street.	pkg. clothing.
Friend.	207 East 72d Street.	pkg. clothing.
Friend.	255 Madison Av.	clothing, hats, etc.
Gay, Mrs. H. D., Lebanon Springs, 2 chemises,		
4 prs. drawers, 11 yds. dress goods, and second-hand clothing.		
Le Boutillier, Mrs.		2 pkgs. clothing.

CHICKERING

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT PIANOS.

These Standard Instruments

Which have been for more than Fifty Years before the Public,
Still maintain their high reputation, and the award of the *Highest Recompenses*
from the most critical tribunals ever bestowed upon any Piano manu-
facturers, places them at the

HEAD OF ALL COMPETITION.

The leading Pianists of both Europe and America, including Dr. FRANZ LISZT, THALBERG, MOSCHELES, GOTTSCHALK, and others, have given the most flattering testimony of the

Superiority of the Chickering Pianos over all others

At the World's Fair in London, in 1851, they received *THE PRIZE MEDAL*.

At the Great International Exhibition in Paris, 1867, these Pianos were awarded a *FIRST GOLD MEDAL*, and the still higher recompense,

The IMPERIAL CROSS of the LEGION of HONOR.

As this was declared a superior award to the Gold Medal, and as CHICKERING & SONS were the only competing firm who received this *Supreme Testimonial*, we are justified in claiming a superiority over all other exhibitors.

Persons intending to purchase a Piano, are invited to send to us for an *ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE*, (mailed free,) by which it will be seen that our Prices are as low as the Guarantee of First-class Materials and Workmanship will justify.

CHICKERING & SONS,

11 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

MISFIT CARPETS.

English Brussels, Three Ply and Ingrain, also, Stair Carpets, Velvet Rugs, Crumb Cloths, Oil Cloths, etc., very cheap at the Old Place

112 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.

Carpets carefully packed and sent to any part of the
United States free of charge.

CALL OR SEND FOR PRICE LIST.

J. A. BENDALL.



CHICKERING & SONS' PIANO FORTE MANUFACTORY, BOSTON, MASS.

Exterior Measurement of Factory in Straight Line, 826 Feet.....Superficial Square Feet of Working Room, 224,370 Square Feet